

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 30



Photo by Harry G. Phister.

"IS THIS YOUR NEST?"

On the Wings of the Wind.

I WOULD I could sing a song as sweet
As the wind sings in the reeds,
Down where the sedges and willows meet,
And the pond to the river leads;

A song of the land breeze, moving the wave;
A song of the sun on the turf;
A song of the cloud in the blue concave;
A song of the breaking surf;

A song of the crags, on the mountain high;
A song of the valleys deep;
A song of the glow in the sunset sky,
Where the day-breeze sinks in sleep.

I would sing my song to those who lie
The prisoners of pain,
I would sing it to homesick folk who cry
For the hills and the woods again,

Till their hearts with the joyous chant should
ring
Of the world where the sunbeams play,
And rise on the breeze's buoyant wing,
Set free by the singer's lay.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

Heaven is a smile
From a soul worth while,
And a hand-clasp full of trust;
A tender word
From a heart love-stirred
When courage trails the dust.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

At the River Bend.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

In Two Parts.

Part II.

QUITE early in the spring the children began to talk of their summer plans. It appeared to be the custom in this enlightened community for the parents to give the children little garden patches, or a few chickens, with permission to sell their produce, and use the money as they chose. They were not far from a large city, farther down the river, and when the fathers sent boatloads of produce to market, the children's things were included among those to be sold. One industrious boy had earned enough in the past two years to buy a violin. A girl had furnished a room in pink and white. Bicycles, longed-for rings, new dresses, and books were among the treasures that had been worked for. But almost all the children thought Eben and Martha had the best prize when they announced that their earnings had bought a boat, which would be brought up by the steamer that very afternoon. Some of the children were not allowed to have a boat on the river. Others had to be satisfied with old, battered ones that had served the family for years. Martha and Eben could swim, and their parents had given permission to buy the boat if they would agree to observe certain restrictions about the time and place of using it.

On the day of Tessie's outbreak, the coming

boat was the one topic of conversation at school. Even Tessie hung around the outskirts of the group with an interested look. Laura was invited for a ride on the first day they were allowed to use it. When school was out that afternoon, all the scholars trooped off with Eben and Martha to see the treasure. Yes, the boat had come. Eben's father was just helping to unload it at the wharf just below their farm. The coverings were taken off, and the children admired the graceful thing. Then Eben's father and the hired man turned it upside down on the bank.

"We'll build a boathouse next week," was the promise.

"There's Tess Craig peeking," cried one child, as they turned to separate.

Up on the hillside Tessie stood, partly concealed by the bushes.

"She won't peek at my boat," cried Eben, fiercely, as he hurled a stone. Tessie dodged behind the bushes, but she could not escape the taunting cries. "Rag bag! Dirty face!" "Stick-in-the-mud!" "Thief!" came in the shrill voices.

"Stop your racketing!" commanded Eben's father, who had started away.

"It's that Tess Craig sneaking around," cried Eben, excitedly.

"There's always a row wherever that young one is," commented the farmer. "Here, you," he called up the hillside, "get out of this. We don't want any Craigs around."

Now Tessie abandoned her covert, and came out to dance about derisively.

"That young one is possessed of the Old Nick," said the farmer, as they started away.

But when all were out of sight, Tessie left her attitude of defiance. She turned and ran into the woods. On and on she ran as if trying to escape something that pursued her. "I'm not a thief," her fierce heart-beats seemed to be pounding out. "It's because of Uncle Jed they say that. But I can't be anybody. They don't want any Craigs around. I will be somebody. I'm not dirty any more, and some day I'll buy fine new dresses, and make them every one ashamed. Teacher thinks I can be somebody, and I will. I'm smarter than Eben, and I hate him! I hate him!" Then she stopped. Oh, could any one conquer such a raging lion as that? The conflict in her heart tired her more than the long run. After a while she dropped down under a tree, and wept bitterly. It was no use going home for comfort. There wasn't any there. As with many another grief, she fought it out in the woods alone, and accepted such healing as the quiet trees could give her. When she grew quiet, she was so exhausted that she fell asleep immediately. In southern Ohio a night in early May is sometimes as warm and balmy as June. Tessie did not notice the absence of pillows or covers. She slept for hours, and then she was awakened by a gentle rain. She sat up when the water dripped through the tree onto her face.

She was not frightened when she remembered where she was. She had been in the woods many times at night. But she decided to go home, for this was one of the kinds of rain that are likely to last for days. Tessie did not know that up the river this rain had already lasted for days, and that high water was on the way. She found it out when she took the path along the river-bank. It was dark, but, where she was accustomed to skip along freely night or day, a little lapping wave wet her feet.

"Why, the water must be up three feet," she said, as she climbed higher on the slope.

At first the rising water aroused no particular thought. No one in that neighborhood was in danger, for even the highest water mark known never reached any of the houses. The rain was getting colder. She shivered a little in her wet clothes, and trotted along faster to get warm.

A little later she stumbled over something, and, as she realized, a great savage feeling swept over her. It was the new boat lying upturned in the path just beyond the wharf.

"It will float away!" she cried aloud. "It will go way off down the river, and be smashed on the piles of stuff. They won't have any new boat, and it's good for them. I'm glad! I'm glad!"

She forgot the cold rain. Climbing a little farther up the hill, she seated herself. It was the gray of earliest dawn now, and she could see the boat. She meant to watch it float away. Then she could go home satisfied. The water was lapping one edge even now. She looked as far as she could see across the river. It had already widened by many feet, and she rejoiced to see how full the current ran. It would take the boat away so swiftly, and it would certainly be wrecked on the first obstruction. Once she thought of pushing it in. But there was something in the wild child's code of justice that forbade that. The thing that hurt her most was for some one to call her thief. She was not one. She had never laid hand on another's property. So she could not help the boat into the water.

Then, as she sat watching through the gray mist, a face suddenly grew before her mental vision. It was Miss Laura looking at her with grieved, astonished eyes.

"And she kissed me, and was sorry that I was bad," said Tessie, in a whisper. "But I couldn't save it; they've been too mean. I don't want to be kind, and get to like them. I'm not sending it away. But I couldn't be expected to save it. I'd be awful brave and strong if I made that mad little lion get tame, but I don't want to; no, I don't. I s'pose Abraham Lincoln could have done that for mean people. I s'pose I'd be lots nicer if I could, but I don't want to. No, I don't want to."

She put her head down on her knees, and began to weep again. Something stronger than hate and grim justice was stirring in her heart. It was something that had been growing since that day in the woods. No one would have suspected that it had grown so much already. But Tessie knew that it would conquer as soon as it began to stir. She arose, and rushed down the hill. The boat arose gently on the first wave strong enough to move it. Tessie cried out, and her feet fairly flew. She knew now that she must save the boat, or be most unhappy. A second wave carried the boat a little farther. Into the water Tessie rushed. She laid hold frantically, and began dragging the boat back. She had it far enough now

that it was grounded, but she dared not leave it, for the next wave would carry it out. Holding to the boat, she stopped a moment for breath. She was a strong child, or she could not have gone on at all. The slope was quite steep above where the path had been. She started dragging the boat up. She could only make a few inches at a time. At length she got her feet braced on a boulder, and, seeing that she could pull the heavy boat no farther, she sat down there, and, taking a firm hold on the rope attached to the bow, she waited. She did not know how long she sat there. Time merged into one dreary ache of cold and weariness. The water rose around her. Now it covered her lap. But she did not move. Surely some one would come soon.

It really wasn't long. Eben's father had started as soon as he got up and saw that the river was rising. He did not expect to find the boat. But when he saw it farther up the hill, and then the forlorn little figure on guard, he stopped for one moment to re-adjust his opinions. Then he splashed up to her. A few strong tugs, and he had the boat up to where he could tie it to a tree. Then he took Tessie up in his arms, and splashed off toward home.

An hour later a subdued and wondering Eben and Martha tiptoed into the big kitchen, and looked at Tessie, sitting wrapped in comforters before the fire.

"Go up and speak to her," commanded the bustling mother. "That brave little thing pulled your boat out of the water, and set and held on till your pa come. Martha, you get her your blue dress. Her own is soaked, and she can't wear it to school. She's going to be like her ma, that's what Tessie Craig is, your nere's your hot cocoa, Tessie. Drink a good lot to keep from taking cold."

Eben gulped once. It was hard to make such a sudden change. "Tessie," he said, "I'm mighty obliged, and I'll take you for the first ride along with Miss Wendell."

Martha gave a comforting little squeeze to Tessie's hand before she ran to get dry clothes.

Tessie didn't say anything at all. She was pondering an amazing discovery.

"Why, we're friends," she said to herself. "And they're nice. It's true, it's true, what Miss Laura said. You get to like them. And it's so much comfortable than to hate them."

She drank the cocoa, and lay back, feeling at peace with the world.

A little before school-time the door opened, and Miss Laura hurried into the kitchen.

"My own dear girl," she said, gathering Tessie into her arms.

"You didn't make any mistake, Miss Wendell, when you tried to make something of that Craig young-one," said Eben's mother. "She's got real grit, and she'll make a fine woman yet."

"I know," said Laura, "she's making something of herself."

Tessie walked to school that morning between Eben and Martha, and, at the sight, all the other children declared peace.

And when vacation came, Tessie went home with teacher, there to get a better foundation in the things that were to help her to a fine womanhood.

Happy is the man who enjoys *himself*. His are the true riches. His good things are within.

BRADFORD TORREY.

The Other Side of the Fence.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"YOU had better come down," Mother called. "You might fall." With one long, lingering glance over the top of the high board fence, Harold obeyed.

"I wish I could go over there," he said to his mother.

"Why, what for?" returned his mother.

"Oh, everything is lovely there. The trees are so much bigger and the grass is greener, and—oh, everything is so much nicer."

"But it is all just ordinary woodland like ours," explained his mother. "And you must not go there, for the land belongs to old Mr. Browning, and he does not like boys."

"I know he doesn't," sighed Harold. "But it seems a shame that all that nice grass and those flowers are going to waste over there."

"You have plenty of grass and flowers on your own side of the fence; you had better be contented here," advised his mother, as she returned to the house. But instead of playing, Harold ran along the fence until he saw a knot-hole big enough to look through nicely.

"How green and pretty it is!" he sighed. "I wish I could play over there." He drew back, and viewed his own side of the fence with dissatisfaction. Then he turned to the knot-hole again, and nearly fell over with surprise. For a blue eye was looking directly into his brown one through the brown knot-hole.

"Oh!" cried Harold, jumping back. A voice on the other side of the fence laughed, and merrily said,

"Won't you please come over and play?"

"I can't," answered Harold, promptly, "for Mr. Browning don't like boys."

The voice laughed again. "But Mr. Browning has nothing to do with it," it said. "Papa bought the place from him. Can you come over and play?"

"I will ask Mother," answered Harold, speeding toward the house breathlessly. His mother gave permission, and he was soon over the fence and staring at the owner of the blue eyes, a little girl of about his own age. She laughed.

"Your eye looked so funny," she explained.

"So did yours," said Harold, promptly.

"What shall we play?" she said next. "My name is Lillian."

"Mine's Harold. Let's play in your lovely tall grass. It is so much nicer than ours."

They romped for an hour, and then in playing along the fence they came to the knot-hole, and Lillian peeped through it again, laughing mischievously. When she moved away, Harold put his eye to it a moment.

"Oh!" he said in surprise.

"What's the matter?" asked the little girl.

"Why, our grass looks the greenest and our flowers the prettiest now," he exclaimed; "and I thought all the time that yours were. Isn't that funny?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the little girl, sagely. "Things always look best that are on the other side of the fence. It is just because they don't belong to us, I guess."

And Harold's mother said when he told her that she thought that the reason, too.

I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man who lives in it so that his place will be proud of him.

LINCOLN.

Dame Nature's Recipe.

TAKE a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too;

Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees;

Then mix them well together
In the very quickest way,—
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,—
And you'll have an April day.

Selected.

A Brahmo Girls' School in India.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Part II.

YOU will remember that when the last article closed, we were just going into the school dining-room. Of course, this room has to be pretty large, because all the 40 girls who live at the school have to eat together here. How different it looks from your dining-rooms in America! You have tables and chairs, but here there are neither. In India people sit down on little mats or on the bare floor at meals. This is the way these girls do. In front of each girl is placed a brass tray containing her food. If we were here when they were at dinner, we would be reminded of our American picnics, where we eat out of doors, sitting on the grass. How would you like to eat in picnic fashion three times a day in a room?

I told you there were two school buildings, one old and one new. Now we leave the old and go to the new, which is near by, and which you remember is called the "Mary Carpenter Hall." The building has two stories,—the lower story all one big school-room, and the upper a big dormitory, or sleeping-room. First, let us go up stairs. Think of forty girls sleeping in this one room! Would you American girls like to be among them? I am afraid that if forty girls like you slept in one room, you would laugh and play so much at night that it would take you a long time to get to sleep. I wonder how it is with Indian girls. Do you suppose some of their teachers have to sleep in the room to keep them quiet?

How about the girls' clothes? Do you think each girl has a closet? No, these girls do not have as many clothes as American girls do. Instead of a closet each one has a box,—just one box, not very large, either,—and in that she has to keep not only her clothes but her books, her paper and other materials for writing letters home, her needles and thread for mending, and whatever else she possesses. How would you like to have to get along with no more things than you could put into one box?

Now we will go down stairs into the big, big school-room. You know we found three small school-rooms in the old building, in which the girls of the three upper classes studied and recited. Well, all the rest of the girls of the school (boarding scholars and day scholars) study and recite here. This means that all the lower classes, from the kindergarten to the seventh or eighth grade, have only this one room for all their work. Don't you think it must be a busy place?



Photo by L. M. Thiers.

A FISHING LESSON.

In one corner is a big kindergarten class of 15 or 20 bright, cunning little tots, with their teacher. Near by is a primary class nearly as large, with their teacher. Then comes another higher grade with its teacher, and then another and another. Of course, this having so many classes in one room is bad. It makes confusion. The work of one class interferes with that of another. But this one room is all they have, and so they get along as best they can. I wish they had money enough to build some more school-rooms, don't you? Perhaps by and by we can help them.

Let us look all about the room. On the walls hang several excellent paintings, presented to the school by a lady of Cambridge, Mass., who had a great love for India. The teachers and older scholars prize them very much. There are also maps, and many colored pictures of animals, trees, and plants, which are used for object lessons in teaching the children about the world they live in.

What about the dress of the girls? You notice at once how different it is from the dress of girls in America. It is more loose and flowing, very simple, with little sewing about it, and suggests drapery rather than a garment cut and fitted and tailored. Some of the girls are dressed very prettily, some very plainly, according as their parents have means or are very poor. All the poorer girls have bare feet, while some of those who are better off wear white cloth slippers or low shoes, but generally without stockings. It is very common for both men and women, as well as children, to go barefooted in India, as it is in nearly all warm climates.

What do the girls study? Much the same things that girls do in America, reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, grammar, history, and so forth.

Can these girls speak English? Not the younger ones, but the older ones can quite well; any of you could talk with and understand them. But of course you know that their native language, the language they speak at home and among themselves, is not English, but Bengali. English is a foreign language to them, as German, French, and Italian are to you. In school all study Bengali, but the older ones study English, too. I am afraid it would be hard to find many girls in an American school who can

speak and write a foreign language as well as these older girls can English.

Most of the girls are taught drawing. Before one class their teacher places a bell, and they draw pictures of it while we watch them; I am surprised to see how quickly and how well they do it.

Look! while they are in the midst of their work, I see a bright-colored bird—blue and orange—fly in through an open window. How I wish the girls could draw the bird! But no, it will not stay long enough. ^{Alas,} it flitting about the room for a moment or so, out it darts through another window. I wonder if it was looking for a place to build a nest.

All the girls of the school are taught physical exercises, as school-girls everywhere ought to be. They show us some of their exercises of hands, arms, and feet, and some of their movements with wands and rings. They also show us some of their curious and pretty marches. In these marches they move in crooked lines like snakes, wind themselves into a ball and then unwind, make themselves into a wheel with all its spokes, and then take it to pieces and form many kinds of unexpected figures, some of them very pretty. It is all exceedingly interesting and amusing.

Here I must stop. Some of the most interesting things about the school have not been told yet, so there must be another article.

Two Trees.

A LITTLE tree, short, but self-satisfied, Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head and cried, "Behold how tall I am, how far the earth!" And, boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine tree in the forest raised Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while it gazed: "Alas, how small I am, and the great skies how far, What years of space 'twixt me and yonder star!"

Our height depends on what we measure by: If up from earth or downward from the sky.

St. Nicholas.

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

THERE has recently appeared in this column the pleasing story of the way Beacon Hill received its name, with its suggestion of the guiding light which our paper, *The Beacon*, seeks to give. Beacon Club members will also recall the Club motto, "Let your light shine."

The Beacon fires have now quite disappeared from the hill-tops of our land. But there are still beacons along the coast, lights set to guide the ships on their way through darkness and fog. Perhaps the most remarkable of these are the sun beacons, which were the invention of a Swedish engineer, Gustaf Dalen. In these the sun puts out the lamps when it shines on them, and they light themselves again as soon as the sun does away with the need of a keeper. This does away with the need of a keeper for the light, for the action is so certain that no one is needed even to watch it. Let us see if you can understand how the sun lights the lamps, and puts them out.

The source of light for these beacons is acetylene gas, which is stored under pressure in steel cylinders. There is enough gas in one of these to last a small light three years, but all of the beacons are looked after, refilled, and painted every six months. That is all the care they need. The rest of the time the sun-valve does all the work.

Our boy and girl readers have learned that sunlight on dark surfaces produces heat, and heat causes expansion. The metal most easily affected in this way is copper.

On each beacon lamp there is a sealed glass jar, through the centre of which a thick rod of copper is run, coated with lamp-black so that it may absorb the sunlight. Three smaller rods, also of copper, support it. When the sun shines, the black rod absorbs heat, expands and lengthens, pushing down a lever which cuts off the supply of gas and so puts out the light.

As the sun goes down, the black rod cools and contracts, releasing the pressure on the lever. The gas then flows upward again to the lamp, where it is lighted by a little pilot-flame that is never extinguished. So precise and accurate is this action that it can be depended on to keep the lights burning at night and put them out in the daytime, even in the coldest climates.

You see how skillfully the human mind learns to use the forces of nature for the benefit of humanity. It will not surprise us to know that the inventor of this sun-valve received the Nobel prize for physics.

Perhaps the thought of these lonely little beacons, shining in far-away places so that travelers may depend on them for

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I always read *The Beacon*. I like to read it very much. I go to the St. John's Sunday school. My friend went there for a visit, and she liked it very much. We read out of the *First Book of Religion*. We have nine children in our class.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY GREWE.
(Age 9.)

BANGOR, ME.,
5 Ohio Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday school regularly, and I would like to become a member of your Club.

Yours truly,

PAULINE FAIRBANKS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Church of the Unity.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am fond of *The Beacon* stories, and would like very much to be a member of

guidance, will remind us to keep our light shining, and to depend for our source of light on the great Sun of Righteousness, which lights a beacon in the heart of every one who cometh into the world.

April Sunshine.

BY SUZANNE WEDDELL.

THE sun, they say, takes holiday;
And all that he will do
For thirty long and gloomy days
Is play at peek-a-boo.

But to my mind, if he should find
When he is peeking through
That we are rivaling his smile,
He'd want to come out, too.

So when you've heard, just pass the word,
"Keep smiling—all together."
It isn't often that we have
A chance to beat the weather.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LX.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 26, 8, 9, 21, is a gentle bird.
My 13, 36, 31, 37, 21, is found on a door.
My 12, 23, 30, 35, is frozen rain.
My 1, 25, 15, 15, is an expression of scorn.
My 33, 5, 37, an evil-looking old woman.
My 16, 22, 30, 19, 28, 35, 34, is easily broken.
My 24, 5, 19, flies at night.
My 32, 18, 5, 15, 11, is made from bread.
My 17, 25, 35, 7, is a small river.
My 26, 23, 31, 37, 27, 17, is risk.
My 2, 5, 37, 7, 10, the national bird.
My 4, 14, 31, 3, is a suggestion.
My 20, 10, 14, 37, 38, 39, is elevation.
My 6, 39, 37, 29, 32, is not loose.
My whole is found in 1 John.

The Myrtle.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

Number one is in *funny*, but not in *joke*,
Number two is in *fire*, but not in *smoke*,
Number three is in *paddle*, but not in *sea*,
Number four is in *dinner*, but not in *tea*,
Number five is in *ladle*, but not in *spoon*,
Number six is in *early*, but not in *soon*.
My whole you may hear when you go to a play.
When you've guessed what my name is I want
you to say.

Young Days.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

the Beacon Club. I am eleven years old, and the girls of my class will soon become Camp-fire Girls. Although I love the stories of *The Beacon*, I am also very fond of the poetry.

Yours very sincerely,

ELAINE MABLEY.

WINCHESTER, MASS.,
105 Church Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl of ten years old. I am very fond of reading *The Beacon*, and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our class is made up of ten girls. In reading the letters, I found one from Harriet Eustis, a member of our Sunday-school class. I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

PRISCILLA LOMBARD.

Other new members of our Club are Mary Joslin, Winchester, Mass.; Louise Slayton, Montpelier, Vt.; George Hough, Orlando, Fla.; Emily Griswold, Greenfield, Mass.; and Elizabeth Pettengill, Portland, Me.

THE MELODY OF MANY LANDS.

The answers are names of countries and cities which end in the word "land."

1. The land that we loved in our earliest days.
2. The land where our queer fish should go.
3. The land of a tax the parishioner pays.
4. The land that is far from the "Po."
5. The land that is somewhat inclined to push out.
6. The land that is closely kept in.
7. The land that was named for a lady, no doubt.
8. And the land of a Siamese twin.
9. A land that is verdant if names be correct.
10. A northern land, yellow and brown.
11. A land that is more to the west, we suspect.
12. And the land that with care is weighed down.
13. A land uninviting to wheels or to teams.
14. A land that with wine fills your cup.
15. The land that is bound to go under, it seems.
16. And a land that has lately turned up.
17. The land that was christened for anger or spite.
18. The land of a people more brave than polite.
19. The land that a skater will please.
20. And a land that is famous for cheese.
21. A land that is "shet," as some heedless ones say.
22. A land where the maize plant is known.
23. A land quite indefinite, no special way.
24. And the land that's Her Majesty's own.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

ENIGMA LVII.—London Illustrated News.
RIMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Rudyard Kipling.
BEHEADINGS.—1. F-ace. 2. F-rank. 3. F-air. 4. F-actor. 5. F-lake. 6. F-inland.
Answers to puzzles have been received from Lucretia M. Gardner, Roxbury, Mass., and Fanny Richardson, Waverley, Mass.

"What's that noise?" asked Willie, as the owls began to hoot. "It's a howl," said his English nurse. "Poh!" cried Willie, "I know that, but what is it that's howling?"

Harper's Bazar.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."
2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.